

# THE EVENING POST

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY BENJAMIN B. BROWN, No. 730 Broadway.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1876.

50 CENTS A COPY.

No. 33.

## THE CIPHER TELEGRAM.

By CHARLES MORRIS.

At old Egyptian feasts, we are told,  
Who through the feast sit rigid, silent, cold,  
When no one sings, yet the still room  
Till the last song is sung, the last cup drained.

The cup, the song, the jest and laugh went round,  
No cheek turned pale,  
No guest amazed did query o'er profound,  
Or lift the veil.

To learn the wherefore one alone sat mute,  
With whom her best nor friend exchanged salute.

Unseen and rose-crowned drapery did all;  
That hid the face,  
No thrill of horror stole the dew of mirth,  
Unseen, unmet, that ghastly type of earth.

But did the host return when all were gone,  
The lights put out,  
The usual presence of that nameless one  
Might put to rout

All the gay fancies born of wine and song,  
And speedily dread the fleeting night pre-  
ludes.

At every breath, in every human heart,  
There dwelt a guest,  
We may not count him in these days of part,  
Even at the best.

We sat with crown and robe, veil and drap;  
The thing came, though we were not aware,  
We shrank from skeletons from public gaze,  
And from our own.

Ignorance of presence with life's lamps ablaze,  
Till left alone,  
With festal fragments, wine stains, lights  
Gone dim.

We felt them with us, yet, bloodless, grim,  
Our nerves would quiver to unveil the bones  
Of the dead past.

We look then in our hearts, with sighs and moans,  
To keep them fast;  
Tis but in solitude we turn the key,  
And dare to look upon them as they be.

His hand now came forward, grasping a large-handled, long-bladed knife.

A quick stir went through the party at this unexpected declaration. It was, indeed, a thrilling climax, and produced a strong effect upon their feelings, wrought up as they were to fever heat.

The blade of the knife was still bright, despite its immersion in the water, except that it had upon it one or two discolored spots.

The detective snatched it out of the boy's hand and closely examined it, while all rose to their feet and stared eagerly at the silent witness of crime.

"As I thought," said the officer, in a deep, arid voice, "these are rust marks; but see here, where the blade joins the handle. Those dark spots are not rust—they are blood. That deadly blade has been plunged to the hilt in a man's body, and then swung into the creek."

The weapon was passed from hand to hand, and examined with the greatest care. There was a doctor present, who gave the closest attention to the dark patches that discolored the bright blade. He ended by pronouncing them, as the detective had done, the marks of rust. He could not be quite positive about those between the blade and the handle, he said, without testing them, but they bore every indication of blood that could be evident to the naked eye.

"And see here," cried the lawyer, almost snatching the weapon from his hand in his excitement, "here are letters stamped on the handle, a shield on the handle. What are they? They are so complicated with ornamental lines that I can hardly make them out."

"This is either L. or J.," said the detective. "And this there is no question about—it can be nothing but an L. We have it again, J. L.—the same mark as in the handkerchief."

"You think, then—?" began the lawyer.

"I am sure it belongs to the same man. If we can prove, by anybody at the hotel, that John Milton Lovelace, as he signs himself, had such a knife, we can say at once that he does not use the M. in his initials, and that will account for his omission on the handkerchief."

"One of the servants at once volunteered to go to the hotel and make inquiries upon this point."

"It seems to me to prove more than that," said the lawyer, again examining the knife.

"What is that?" another person asked.

"It indicates to me that his claim to be John Lovelace is a false one, and that his real name bears this much resemblance to his assumed one that it has J. L. for its initials. You recollect the story of the last papers and of his inability to otherwise prove his identity. This shrewd remark opened to their eyes a new feature in the case. It began to look as if the man was dyed with the dye of crime and imposture and murder."

The envoy now returned from the hotel, accompanied by one of the servants, who declared having seen such a knife in the guest's possession on the day of his arrival at the inn, which he had not seen since.

He examined the knife given him, and declared that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, it was the same.

"What remains for us to do?" asked Lawyer Brown, looking around with a very serious expression.

"To arrest this man as a murderer, or as a participant in the murder of either William Browning or George Downey," answered Detective Fogg.

## CHAPTER IX.

A STARTLING TERMINATION.

While the serious array of circumstances was gathering over the unconscious guest of Lovelace, he was taking a quiet afternoon walk up the romantic banks of Mantua creek, as the stream was named.

The weather was delightful for walking. The breath of April breathed upon the fields of June, and the warm sunlight lay upon the face of the waters with a gleam that seemed to lend a double brightness to the day.

Many and many a time in his younger days had he followed this green path through the sylvan beauties of the valley, and memories of the past arose with almost every step in his onward way.

He passed the spot where he had before met Mary Browning, and a smile came upon his face as he wondered what she must have thought of him.

"I didn't find the girl as quite so comely as they generally are," he said, taking her hand. "Yet I cannot but think that all will yet be well. Mystery does not all, or ways end badly, and you may be indulging in a grief which the circumstances do not warrant."

He spoke with a courtesy of manner, and with a sympathetic voice, that showed a different phase of character



HE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH A QUICK, SEARCHING GLANCE.

ly to lose my papers. I wonder how the little girl takes it. Cast for the weeping part, I suppose."

As this thought passed through his mind, he turned back, and at the stream bent at an angle. Before him lay straight onward, with the garden of Vineland sleeping down to its banks. The walks were brilliant with the flowers of early summer, and a faint sweet perfume came to his senses upon the wings of the light breeze.

Within a rustic summer house at the foot of the grounds, sat the graceful figure of Mary Browning, a sketchbook on her lap. Her head drooped upon her hand, and her eyes were full of sadness as she rested upon the flowing waters at her feet.

"The piano in thought," he said, with a green and yellow melancholy that sat like perfume on a mountain.

He quoted to himself as he stepped softly toward her.

"He heard his step, and rose hastily to her feet. His moment at first inclined to retire, but paused and awaited his approach, leaning with an easy dignity, against the seat."

"I hope I have not disturbed you," he said, advancing with outstretched hand.

"Not at all," she answered, with a faint smile. "I was simply weeping away."

"A charming place this," he said, dropping with easy indolence into the seat. "Will you not be seated?"

"Thank you. I prefer to stand."

He instantly rose again, as if impressed with the thought that he had been impolite.

"I have been wishing to see you," he remarked. "I feared that you might be busy, but I cannot but think that all will yet be well. Mystery does not all, or ways end badly, and you may be indulging in a grief which the circumstances do not warrant."

He spoke with a courtesy of manner, and with a sympathetic voice, that showed a different phase of character

from any he had yet shown. He evidently felt for her distress.

"No, no," she replied, in a piteous tone, "the circumstances were so terrible. He is dead! He has been murdered! I know that my father has been the victim of an assassin."

Her eyes were wet with tears. Her voice shook with emotion. She had to grasp the seat for support.

"Let me entreat you to be calm," he said, almost forcing her into the seat.

"You should give for the best. I am sympathetic toward your grief, but I hope you will not give way to it."

"I try not to," she replied. "It is hard, very hard, to bear."

Her voice was full of pathos. Her grief was evidently intense, yet was restrained by a strong power of self-control.

"The wish may, with me, be father to the thought that he will soon return," replied Lovelace, looking down upon her with unwonted interest in his eyes.

"Meanwhile his estate will be well cared for, and your comfort attended to by your uncle, Mr. Benson."

She looked up at him with a quick, searching glance.

"I hope so," she replied, her eyes again seeking the water.

"To be sure you will find him all attention and consideration," replied Lovelace, a trace of sarcasm in his voice. "He will, no doubt, do his utmost to make your home pleasant."

Her eyes again flashed up at that inquiring glance. She seemed to doubt the sincerity of his words.

"You do not like Mr. Benson?" she asked.

"Why should I not?" he replied, idly against a tree, and looked away.

"You distrust him? You cannot him in your mind with the loss of your papers?"

He started, as if he had been stung.

"A new idea, by Jove!" he cried, with a return of his old manner. "I am not in love with him, I admit. But what put that into your head?"

"I do not know. It came there."

"Have you any reason for it?"

"None at all. It was but a thought that somehow arose in my mind."

"You doubt him yourself, Miss Browning, I see that," Lovelace said, great before her, his attitude full of energy. "I do not know him as you do, yet I would rather trust a snake."

"You speak too severely," she replied, rising and standing before him. "He has always been kind and attentive to me. I will admit this to you in confidence, Mr. Lovelace, that I have a senseless prejudice against him. But I know that it is without foundation, and that it is my duty to drive it from my mind."

"Oh, no doubt. And duty's voice

should be obeyed. It is to be hoped you may succeed. I am only too happy that duty don't speak to me in that tone."

Their conversation was interrupted by two unlooked for and startling circumstances.

One of these was the hasty and alarmed approach of a servant, who announced that Mr. Benson had been taken seriously ill, that the doctor was present, and that he pronounced it an attack of paralysis. The growing weakness and lameness of Mr. Benson during the past week were attributed by the physician to the same cause. These he pronounced the premonitory symptoms of the attack.

The second circumstance was the approach of the servant who was yet talking, of Detective Fogg, accompanied by the town constable of Dover.

The self-opinionated officer, heedless of the presence of the constable, laid his hand on the shoulder of Lovelace, who had just noticed his approach.

"You are my prisoner," he said. "I arrest you for the murder—"

"Hold!" cried Lovelace, turning with a face pale with either fear or anger. "Fool! Have you no brains! Come! I can guess what you mean. He walked suddenly away, followed by the two officers. "But if you had spoken it in the presence of that lady I would have broken your thick skull for you!"

These last words were spoken out of hearing of Mary Browning. But she had guessed the remainder of the interrupted sentence. With distended eyes and quivering lips, and a face of deadly pallor, she stood and gazed after their retreating forms.

## CHAPTER X.

LOVELACE'S WARDROBE.

It is remarkable how different a position a man assumes in the world's eyes when changed from the outside to the inside of a prison. The people of the town had already imagined that there was something suspicious about the stranger who had stopped in their town at so momentous a time. They were, however, that he lay within their prison walls, they were sure that he was the murderer of their valued townsman, William Browning, and that he deserved to be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

It suddenly occurred to them that there was something sinister in his countenance, something of the look native to men who make a trade of murder, and there's another reason for its only having been at first in his eye that which they doubted. Of course, they had not mentioned suspicion, they might have been injuring an innocent man, but they could not help their thoughts.

His erratic movements, his peculiar talk, and all his contrivances were considered as evidence of a malignant disposition. In short, the good people felt suddenly satisfied that the right man had been caught, and they were determined to press it on each other that they had suspected this man from the start.

Meanwhile Detective Fogg, having made a decided movement, went occasionally to work to add to the proofs of his superior shrewdness.

Lovelace's room at the inn was searched. His worldly goods consisted of the contents of a traveling trunk, and a few articles of clothing scattered about the room.

There was nothing suspicious in the appearance or in the pockets of these. A memorandum, a paper of smoking-bacon, a tooth brush, and a few little odds and ends were all that was found.

The detective made little ceremony about opening his trunk. First, however, he cleared the apartment, with the exception of Mr. Joel Brown, the lawyer, and the landlord of the inn.

The trunk was found to be filled with a variety of gentlemen's clothing, most of it not in the best preservation. There was a good supply of underclothing, handkerchiefs, etc. There was also drawn out some unusual articles of apparel, embroidered coats, knee-breeches, a cocked hat that might have covered a Revolutionary general, the mantle of a Roman noble, and a pair of tight boots that hinted at the circus ring.

These were laid aside with various comments, and the handkerchiefs alone examined. The officer had expected to obtain damaging evidence against his prisoner from this source. In this he was disappointed. The handkerchiefs were all similar in appearance, and were different in kind, but all bore the same initials, J. M. L., on the other handkerchief.

They were all marked with the initials of their owner, but here again a discrepancy appeared. The initials used were J. M. L., instead of J. L., as on the other handkerchief.

Examination was made of his other articles of clothing, and they were found, when marked at all, to be marked with the same initials, J. M. L.

What added to the discrepancy was the further fact that these marks were on a similar, being made with a stencil plate, while the letters on the suspicious handkerchief had been made with a pen.

Mr. Brown looked significantly at the detective, who returned his glance with a look of unvarying confidence in his own opinion.

"It begins to look as if we had been

too hasty," said the lawyer. "There is nothing here to prove that this article was the property of the prisoner, but considerable negative evidence in his favor. It looks now as if the J. L. of the handkerchief was some other party."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Fogg, decidedly. "Look at it from this point of view. This man comes here claiming to be John Milton Lovelace. There is great doubt of this name belonging to him—in fact, he has as much as admitted that he has been traveling under another name. This letter name he claims was assumed, but we have only his word for that. He has pursued a profession whose members are to-day poor, and tomorrow rich. May we not guess that he had made a haul about the time he decided on noting the part of John Milton Lovelace? Being in funds, he may have provided himself with a new wardrobe for the occasion, and would naturally mark his new clothes with his new name. This handkerchief may be a portion of his old outfit."

"Cleverly argued," replied the lawyer, "but all assumption. There is no proof of a single position you have taken. To my mind it seems probable that, in such a case, he would not have chosen to carry in his pocket, in this town, a handkerchief marked with his rejected initials, and left his new ones all safely locked in his trunk."

"I am not speaking entirely from guesswork," replied the officer. "Handkerchiefs are articles which are frequently renewed. But if we could find anything of his of a more durable character, and likely to have been longer in his possession, would it not seem likely he marked with his old name?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Brown.

The landlord corroborated his opinion, and both looked questioningly at the speaker.

The latter drew, with some triumph, from his pocket the bowie knife which had been found by the boys in the creek.

"See here," he said, pointing to the handle. "J. L., as plain as day. There is an article from his old life, and there are his old initials."

The others looked curiously at the suspicious indication.

"It seems to me," said the host, with a drawing utterance, "if maybe there's another reason for its only having J. L."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Because they couldn't well get any more on it. You see it's only a small bit of silver, and with all the confounded twists and curves the M. has been squeezed clear off."

"I don't think so," replied the officer, examining the knife closely. "If the owner had wanted J. M. L. on it, it could have been put on by leaving off a few ornaments, and making the letters plain."

"Just so," said the host. "But this ain't the man to leave off ornament. He'd be bound to get on his twists and curves if the whole name has to go."

The lawyer had again directed his attention to the trunk. It contained yet a variety of articles. Among these were a slender rapier, and a four-looking broadsword, that might have done duty in the French spy, or some similar warlike drams.

Below lay a heterogeneous mass, composed of a scattered jumble of cards, a revolver, a dice-box, a pair of spurs, gloves, slippers, etc., tumbled loosely in the convulsive state of a stool bumpy.

Out of the mass he picked up a small square of brass, which, on examination, proved to be a stencil plate, apparently the one with which the clothing had been marked.

"This might be ten years old from its dilapidated appearance," he said, holding it up to view.

"With some men it would look as if it were a week's use," replied Mr. Fogg, after looking at it. "Men of careful habits, of which I presume you are, can not well appreciate the genius which some persons have of wearing out things. I doubt its age."

The landlord had taken up a packet of letters from the corner of the trunk, and was curiously eyeing them.

"There might be something important in them," he said; "but it is hardly the thing to meddle with a man's private letters."

He was about replacing them in the trunk when the officer took them hastily from his hand.

"You are a good hotel keeper," he said, "but you are not up for a police officer. Next examine the letters, and the man a stranger to me, and charged with murder? That would be a rather rich case of delinquency of feeling."

As he spoke he had snatched the packet of letters, and was opening and running his eyes rapidly over their contents.

"A queer assortment," he remarked, perusing them. "Here is a sweet-scented epistle from a girl, signed Lucy, and here a sailor's bill. Here we have the effort of some wild seagoing man, and here a letter from a manager seeking an offer to join his company. Here is a song scribbled by a fellow who dates himself from the Rocky Mountains, and here a careful friend sends him a remedy for the ague."

"But in these nothing giving us a closer insight into his former life and







"Yes, she is Potworth's natural daughter. She is no daughter of mine, although I assumed the part of mother, to ally the suspicions of his wife, and to give him an opportunity of adopting the child whom he always loved better than anything else in the world."

Wesley rose from the chair, and began to pace the room restlessly. "A sister?" he muttered. "Olivie, you are a dear good girl, and I really loved her; only with something more like a brother's love than a lover's. Yes, whatever I got, Olivie shall share it."

"I added also to Mrs. Martin," but I'm afraid it is all in the clouds. "Then we will bring it down from the clouds," said Mrs. Martin, resolutely. "But even you and Olivie are not the only persons concerned. There are your cousins. Establish the fact of your parentage, and all their troubles come to an end. Your representatives could not sell Wilfordhurst, because it was never rightly yours. The young ladies will keep their money and their estate and I will get our thousand pounds."

"Then I'll be Potworth from this time for evermore," said Wesley, hastily throwing off his coat, and putting on his walking-coat, and even if I have to bear the full obloquy of the name," he added under his breath.

And now I'm going back first to Blossom's garden to tell you the girls all about it, and to give Olivie her first fraternal greeting."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## REVIEWER.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia: *Montfort Hall*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

Mrs. Waverley's new novel is admirable and original in plot, varied in incidents, and intensely absorbing in interest. It is a work of considerable merit, and the story is charmingly told to the heroine.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Dear Lady Dorian*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

"Dear Lady Dorian" is a novel of considerable merit, and the story is charmingly told to the heroine.

"This is the author's best, and most interesting novel of the season."

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The Little Sister*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

The story has been a success in Philadelphia, and describes the relationship and affairs of the best family of ladies, and the author, giving each a striking originality, and describing all the social and domestic conditions of the time.

From W. H. Miller, 311 Chestnut St., Philadelphia: *The Broken Quarter*. A novel, by Mrs. C. A. Waverley. Author of "The Household of Waverley."

This is a more than ordinary interesting and valuable novel of this periodical, and promises well for the new year.

## A PIECE OF RED CALICO.

Mrs. Editor:—If the following true experience shall prove of any advantage to any of your readers, I shall be glad. I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time during the day to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her it would be no trouble at all, and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stopped in a large dry goods store to examine my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," he said, and he led me up the stairs. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show the gentleman some red calico, and he will buy it for you."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico, and spread it out on the counter.

"No, this isn't the shade," said I. "No, no, no, sir," said she, "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I, "but you see I want to match this piece. There is something about this kind of calico which needs to be made larger or smaller or something. I want some calico of this same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she. "Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes, but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red," said she.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have plain calico in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and I left her.

I went into a store a few steps further up Broadway. When I entered it, I saw a man sitting at a counter, and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter on the right."

I went to the third counter on the right and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"The gentleman said you had," I replied.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's," he said.

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I inquired.

"No," said the salesman, "we haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Is it Turkey red just like this?" I replied.

"No," said he, "but it's much better. That makes no difference to me."

"I replied, 'I want something just like this.'"

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to the salesman.

He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and I thought I would have a look at it. I thought I would have a look at it.

I went to another large dry goods store.

As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I did, I should be sure to see it.

I went to the counter where I saw a man sitting at a counter, and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any red calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter on the right."

I went to the third counter on the right and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"The gentleman said you had," I replied.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's," he said.

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I inquired.

"No," said the salesman, "we haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Is it Turkey red just like this?" I replied.

"No," said he, "but it's much better. That makes no difference to me."

"I replied, 'I want something just like this.'"

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like this for anything they wanted for furniture," he replied, somewhat sharply.

"They can't, but they don't," he said, quite









ELLA.

BY LINDSEY O. SMITH.

## CHAPTER IV.

The day of the ball arrived, and dragged through its slow length.

"I don't think there ever was such a long day before. Do you?" said Emma Anne to Sophie Matilda, when they had both tried on their yellow guanine dresses five times.

To Cinder-Ella, too, the day was a long one, although she was kept pretty busy doing this thing and that for her stepmother and sisters. For at the last moment, almost, the Baroness discovered that her father did not quite like her, and Ella was called on to make an alteration in it. Sophie Matilda's dress, too, was found to be wanting in rambunctious tapes, knobs and eyes, which Ella had to supply, and Emma Anne's hair absolutely would not keep in curl, and Ella had three separate times during the course of the afternoon to twist it up in curl-paper.

But these little matters, though they kept Ella well employed, naturally affected to a considerable extent the temper of the ladies, and our little heroine was heartily glad when at length the great gilded coach, with the Baroness and her daughters inside it, drove off from the castle door.

No sooner, however, had the clatter of wheels and the tramp of the horses' feet died away in the distance, than Ella sat down and began to cry as though her heart would break.

After all, though virtue is said to be its own reward, especially when it is young and eager, not help someone longing after rewards of a more exciting nature.

As Ella now sat crying, her head on her hand, she was startled by another hand which was laid upon her shoulder. "What is the matter?" asked a voice, which should have belonged to her respected papa, the Baron, but when she looked up she felt quite sure that it could not be he, so very gorgeous was the gentleman before her. Before she could speak, or had in the least recovered from her astonishment, he said again:

"What are you crying about?" It is because you have not gone to the ball?"

Ella was almost ashamed to confess to so much weakness. But as it was the truth, she stammered out: "Yes, papa," and then set to work crying again as hard as ever she could.

Promptly she looked up, and saw the Baron still standing in front of her. Then she said, as well as she could for sobs:

"Are you going, too, papa? I thought you had a headache, and couldn't."

"My headache," said the Baron, "is the Baroness, and I am only waiting for you."

Ella started up. "For me, papa?"

"Yes," said her father; "why don't you go and get ready?"

Ella thought that her father had certainly gone mad, especially when he went on to say:

"But I forgot. I have the key of the chest where your ball-dress is; come with me and I will make it ready for you."

Dumb with surprise, Ella followed her father through room after room of the estate, along corridors, and up and down stairs, until they came to a small attic in a turret, in the middle of which stood a great oak chest. This the Baron opened with a golden key which he carried in his pocket, and displayed to his little daughter's astounded gaze a most beautiful dress of satin and brocade, ornate and sewn in with pearls and other precious stones.

"This," said the Baron, "is for you to wear. It was worn by your mother, my dear child, and I have kept it for your first ball. These jewels," the Baron went on, lifting up a massive chain of antique work and a coronet of diamonds—"these will suit the dress. They belonged to an ancestress of yours hundreds of years ago, and are not to be matched in the country. Now be quick and get ready."

Ella scarcely knew whether she was standing on her head or on her heels. She looked up the beautiful dress and handed it and admired it and tried it on, and found that it fitted her to perfection, for, in truth, she was the image of her mother, both in face and form. Then she ran down and showed herself to her father.

"Splendid!" said the Baron, who had slipped off his velvet and lace coat to enjoy the luxury of a pipe; "we shall take a 'rise' out of madam after all," said he, meaning his wife. And then he chuckled.

"I told her that I would not allow her to go to her first ball in a dress like yours, but now she has chosen to disobey me. We shall see who will get the best of it yet."

The Baron was very brave now that his wife was well out of the way. He was an easy-going man, and had allowed himself to be considerably overruled by his lady-wife. But even worse would turn, it is said, under a certain pressure. And if women why not Barons?

The Baron was, on this occasion, as joyful as any boy let loose from school, and capered about quite like a juvenile goat. Ella also capered about in enormous self-satisfaction. But in so doing she suddenly caught sight of her foot.

"Oh, papa," she said, holding out one heel called alone, through which a toe was peeping. "Look at this!"

The Baron chuckled, and as he looked, his face fell.

"Haven't you got any shoes for me? I can't go in these," said Ella, miserably.

Now this was just the point in the arrangement which the Baron had forgotten.

"Blame my heart!" he said, dismayed. But this did not mend matters, nor the shoes either.

Father and daughter held a brief and painful debate. What was to be done?

Question put: Could a young lady go to the Prince's ball with her toes through her ball-shoes?

Carried unanimously: the "Noes" have it.

Can anything be done in the matter? The Baron painfully shook his head, and took long pulls at his pipe.

Ella shook her head, too; and, amid

bitter tears of disappointment and mortification, lays aside her beautiful garments, and puts on once more her old woollen petticoats.

"You had better go without me, papa," she sobbed.

"No, I won't," says the Baron, shortly.

In her distress Ella wanders out of the house into the garden. It is now evening, but the moon is shining so brightly that all the birds are as wide awake as they were in the day, and as soon as they see Ella they come flocking and fluttering about her as usual. When they see that she is crying they at once get into a terrible fuss, and want to know what is the cause of it.

Ella, delighted to have some outlet for her grief and disappointment, tells the whole story, and then sits down disconsolately, to nurse her sorrow, on a little mound, at the foot of a wide-spreading tree. The birds in the meantime fly away from her—rather unkindly, Ella thinks. But, after a while, she is attracted by the sound of a great noise and commotion up in the trees above her head—a great flapping of wings and a clatter of feathers.

"Whatever is the matter?" says Ella, quickly jumping up to see, and forgetting her own troubles in the anxiety for her friends.

As she does so, something hard, and yet something soft, brushes her cheek and falls at her feet. She stoops to find it. What can it be? As she does so, there is a still greater rustle, and she looks up above her head than before, and something else, soft and glistening in the moonlight, falls gently down on the soft green turf beside her.

With a cry of astonishment and delight she picks up a pair of tiny slippers, made of softest down and feathers.

"What on this moon?" cries the girl.

"Try them on," whispers a little voice in the darkness.

"They are a present from your friends," says a voice from the trees.

How Ella tried on the feather shoes; how they fitted her to perfection; how she ran back again into the house like a young fawn; and how she danced and tossed and twirled in response to the measured tones of the strains.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

## THE COLONEL'S STORY.

BY LIBERT. M. D. SMITH, W. R. M.

It was the anniversary of Washington's Birthday; the sun in unclouded splendor had risen above the range of snow-capped hills that towered far above the dark rolling waters of the river, where the United States Revenue Cutter Dolphin was riding quietly to her anchor buoy.

The gallant little craft was decked out in her finest, gayest attire, and from gilded trucks to water line fluttered bunting, signals and flags of all nations.

Through the open ports peeped the polished muzzles of the brass howitzers, while forward a long thirty-pound Parrott was pivoted to port, in readiness to thunder forth the honors due to the National holiday.

The ship's company were at quarters, and the last up of the drum had scarcely died away, when the first lieutenant reported the honor of noon to the commanding officer. The clear tones of the bell rang out on the wintry air, and at the word of command from the executive officer, a deep, heavy discharge followed that made the cutter tremble from trucks to keelson. Clouds of blue, sul-

phurous smoke enveloped the craft, as twenty-one reverberating reports echoed among the neighboring hills and reeks, and the broad folds of bunting aloft danced and trembled in response to the measured tones of the strains.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

The sharp rat-tat of the drum was again heard. The sailors with skillful hands scoured the battery, and as the retreat was beat, retired to their magazines.

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

As I neared the low, marshy beach, I saw a number of wild turkeys feeding on the lower extremity of the island. It was not over forty rods across the mud bank, and as the proof of my skill struck I fired both barrels, and leaped eagerly ashore to ascertain the success of my shots.

To my great satisfaction I had bagged two good fat fellows, and regardless of the heat I ran across the island to where I had left my knife. Imagine if you can my consternation at beholding it far out on the bayon, floating down with the current beyond my view. In my haste and excitement I had neglected to fasten the rope in the bow, and the impetus of my leap ashore had sent the light sail spinning out into the current.

My first impulse was to dash into the waters of the lagoon and swim after my lost property, but I paused on the brink, and gave up the idea as I beheld the long, gaunt jaws, and scaly body of a huge alligator.

I did not realize at first the full perils of my situation, and was disposed to

the nearest vicere, I had met with tolerable good success, and as the sun was peering down upon me with a best anything but comfortable light, I resolved to land on a small island a short distance ahead, and cook my own breakfast.

The boat was a large one. Moving cautiously forward, and advancing to the water's edge, I hailed.

"Who calls," demanded a deep, hoarse voice. I hesitated before replying, as the voice was a strange one, and I was too late to retreat now.

A hurried consultation was held in the boat, the paddles dipped with a simultaneous stroke, and shooting forward the boat grounded on the mud-bank. The glare of a lantern fell upon me, and a shout of hoarse joy and astonishment burst from the motley crew as they recognized my uniform. As for myself, I did not utter a word; the men surrounding me on all sides were a band of guerrillas.

"Hullo, Capt! what is ye doing here?" demanded one of the desperadoes as they closed in upon me.

"I am waiting for a chance to get off this island," I replied.

"Are ye alone?"

"And what might be your command? No trifles, stranger, or we'll lift yer hat without ceremony," and the eyes of a bowie knife flashed before my eyes.

"Fortunately for you they are five miles away," I replied, with a feeling of desperation. I was a well acquainted with the blood-thirsty character of the bushwhackers, and had made up my mind that I should never leave the island alive.

"We're out on a hunt, do ye hear, stranger?"

"And we want a pass-word. Out with it, or I'll tickle yer ribs with this yore."

"And again the point of the knife was drawn down on a level with my heart. I closed my eyes for an instant, and then, as the knife was raised, I saw the gleam of the blade as it fell.

"I feel for her. As to making love to her, I have not done it consciously. But we have been a great deal together; and I fear Miss Clever must have read my heart as long ago as I can remember."

"As what, Mr. Wynne?" was the stern question.

"As I have read her, I was going to propose to her," replied Karl, his voice and eyes alike dropping.

Colonel Clever felt embarrassed. He would have called this the very height of impudence, but that the young man had said before him was independently refused, so modest, and spoke as though he were grieved to the heart.







**A Premium Worth \$30 in Gold.**





## PARADISE

"A Hindu! And a happy thing to do,  
 To have a Hindu for a friend!  
 Blessed, be he, hopelessly for entrance here,  
 Before the gate of Brahmo's Paradise  
 He had passed through Purgatory!" "And  
 I had been married!"—and he hung his  
 head.  
 "Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my  
 Marriage and Purgatory are no sin."  
 And the entrance he called Heaven's door,  
 And took the name he said had been in  
 force.  
 No more had entered in the garden fair,  
 A better Hindu called admission there,  
 "The selfishness of some men, certain  
 Must have been through Purgatory?" "No, what  
 "Must come out enter!" And the god reply  
 "He who will be was there no more than I."  
 And so no earth was suffered for all sin.  
 "Married!" said well, for I've been married  
 "twice!"  
 "Suppose! We'll have no funds in Paradise!"

A new story next week, by Miss M. H. BRADDON, entitled "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER."

**SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE,  
OR,  
The Trail of the Phantom Horse**

BY CAPT. CHARLES HARRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 49, Vol. 38. Subscribers can always be obtained.]

NUMBER IV.

THE PUN STRAIGHTS—MARE AND WALTER FRISBEE—A LUCKY RETURN.

Our youthful heroines longed to show Leather and the other company of their friends the way to the "phantom horse" but, in contact with the human humor, but two days passed without bringing the twins back to Snow-bank. The boys in the cabin did not know of the search, but their impatience increased, and they anxiously

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

NUMBER V.  
THE FUN STEALING—HARR AND WALTER

looked northward for a glimpse of the countryside. But Bruin's savory stabs of meat, his confident frowns, and the cheery patter, well downed by Bruin's superb manner, was drying in the heat.

It was earlier than usual that Mark and Walter reached the cattle traps on the morning after the finding of the bones. They were alone.

To their astonishment they found no game, and stared blankly into each other's faces.

"Where are those?" suddenly cried Mark, pointing to the faint impressions of snow shoes on the snow. "Our traps have been tampered with. Here is proof that was not here yesterday. Walter, there have been about . . ."

"Here," said Walter, "there has been a chase. I have a hunch that the Indians have been up to it."

"The rascals!" ejaculated young Bruin. "I wish we had them here."

"If we had they'd never shot another one!"

"Nonsense!" said Walter. "Remain-

The thief was enough to cause the indignation of *any man*, and the boys resolved to avenge their loss.

An examination of the traps convinced the boys that the same mischievous marauder had been extracted during the night. The ransom trap farther upstream had not been tampered with; but the minch worms were therein without a single exception. The boys then, as a thief-for a closer scrutiny revealed the fact that before the minch worms had been taken, no person had committed the depredations—were discernible about every trap, and his trail led towards Homegrove; and, in this latter discovery the boys held a council.

Homegrove was distant about six miles from the trapping ground, and Mark was following the thief thither.

"If he does not come up with him this morning," said the boys, "we will follow him to his lair."

"It is likely that he has stopped at his lair," said the boys, "and I expect to find him before we get to the lake."

He waited half an hour to see whether the  
men were coming, and then, hearing hard-  
ly, he raised the cabin, the two men and  
went to the trapping grounds, where they  
threw themselves upon the trail of the  
warrior this.

As they light snow about, they made  
good progress, but the snow, which did  
not bind them, as the day was cloudy.  
The atmosphere was quite pleasant for  
the season; there was no snow in the air,  
and the mildness that filled the trail  
gave them a much better fate than  
their undertaking met.

The thief was a white man, as his  
steps indicated, and several unskillful  
patches of his shoes visible in the snow,  
showed him to be a poor fellow, not  
wondered. He had the same old  
worn Moccas, pointed, and at length they  
recognized the ground where the wolves  
had attacked them, as already men-

(On the memorable spot a knife had  
was made, and it was decided to open

the ravine that lay in front of them, before inaugurating a reconnaissance to the shore of Young sprag.

Four or five men, some agilely advanced, with boldness and the help of the ravine came suddenly upon a slight they did not resist.

Four men were now stood in the middle of the little canal, and saw the boys at the foot of the steeply descending bank.

The recognition was mutual; the young Menigault knew that their trail had ended.

There was no tracing of them on the part of the redskins, no starting back for precipitation and defense among the boys, before they could recover from their surprise, four guns covered their devoted backs.

"Come down here," shouted one of the men, with an air of command. "We want to see you."

"And he quick about it, too," said a second rough voice.

"With you."

The remains of a fire still smoldered near by, and the screams of several monkeys in the tangled snow. The flames were not very high, but they were continuous and definitely rapid-bellied. Their faces were covered with heat, which rendered their aspect the more repulsive and brutal.

"What do you want?" asked the spokesman of the party, addressing the young trappers, but none particularly waited on whose shoulder he clapped his heavy hand.

"You see this strange case, sir," said the boy, glancing at the striped carcass.

"Your guess?" cried the man. "Why give it the most important monkey in the world?" (James) What game, and what goes for it?"

At this, the white hand burst into some laughter, which irritated Mark

"Are we going to leave Haddadback?"  
"Where, Mark," the guide said. "The Andromagnic country is alive with all-  
ever fuses, and the big mine have made  
all their headquarters. It's the country  
for us and we'll never want for  
company there."

It was a relief to the boys, the intend-  
ed departure for Riegher, and it was  
with many genuine sighs they left their  
home for us and were they had passed many  
happy hours.

The day after the adventure narrated  
above, the entire party, loaded with  
traps and furs, set out for Mount Rie-  
gher and the new trapping grounds of  
the Andromagnic.

They knew when they bade farewell  
to Snow Flank that they would never  
return beneath its roof again, for the

from the individual vendors who were there to reduce it to a heap of ashes.

*A new story next week, by Miss M. M. B. R. and J. L. R. entitled "JIMMY AND THE HAIR DRESSER."*

**FANCY COSTUMES.**

In continuation of a former article on this subject, we give a description of some other costumes for costume parties.

1. Etzelange wore the costume which is usually considered appropriate for a Nightingale, a light short skirt and a bodice of the same material and color, that is, a green, laced in front, over a petticoat of some prettily contrasting color, a bodice of various kinds across the front with a white muslin collar and cuffs, and a white muslin and a woman's white necktie tucked in, and a woman's white necktie tucked in, and a woman's white necktie tucked in.

2. A muslin apron with pocket should also be worn, and to complete the costume a large gold cross on the breast and gold ear rings should be added.

of nose and trunk are entirely a matter of taste and fancy, and the material may be either simple or expensive, according to what may be convenient or desirable, as the following are the most common:—  
 1. A white, soft, pettishon may be of satin, silk, or bright muslin, with white lace or something which is in keeping.  
 2. A black velvet bands often form an effective addition to the pettishon and impart a dressy appearance to a cheap fabric.  
 3. A black velvet band may be used to conceal this costume by quoting the description given by Longfellow, who certainly may be supposed to know what he says:—  
 "A black velvet band was slipped to his heron's arm."  
 4. A black velvet band may be used for painting, wearing her Nuremberg cap, or her little of blue, large ear-rings, brought in the olden time from France, and  
 5. A black velvet band may be used for a sash, as an hairband, handkerchief, and so on, to the child.  
 Children wear a variety of hats, and of course of make, made with short skirt and high, with heart-shaped neck.

[illegible]

With pearls to match.

Other pleasant confessions are about a skirt and low bodice, made in any new style, and a pair of shoes, of the same, and fastened according to fancy.

Mother Hubbard wears a petticoat quilted of some dark material, with high polka buttons open in front, bodice high on the shoulders, with low square collar, and fitted with a row of buttons on the elbow and wrap cap. The polka-bone should be very much bunched at the back, and large suspensorys and crutch-like finish in the whole.

"Little Ben" is dressed in a blue cloth suit, except that her hair is in curls. In place of a cap she wears a fanciful straw hat, and carries a crook instead of the patten. Sometimes she wears a bright petticoat, and is surrounded with horns of bright colored ribbons.

We often live under a cloud, and it is all for us, and we should do so. Unto us, and unto our children, and unto our

A MAN in Iowa is credited with having built the smallest steam engine on record. The

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]